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— A —

SUMMER HOME.

PAVILION HOTEL,

HOWE'S CAVE,

N. Y.

A SUMMER HOME.



THE

PAVILION HOTEL,

HOWE'S CAVE,

SCHOHARIE COUNTY, N. Y.



HOWES CAVE ASSOCIATION,

C. H. RAMSEY, GEN'L MANAGER.

ADDRESS: PAVILION HOTEL,

HOWE'S CAVE,

SCHOHARIE CO., N. Y.

ALBANY, N. Y.;
VAN BENTHUYSEN PRINITNG HOUSE.
1889.



CITY AND COUNTRY.

By Oliver Wendell Holmes, M. D.



11679

Come back to your mother, ye children, for shame,
Who have wandered, like truants, for riches and fame!
With a smile on her face, and a sprig in her cap,
She calls you to feed from her bountiful lap.

Come out from your alleys, your courts and your lanes,
And breathe, like your eagles, the air of our plains;
Take a whiff from our fields, and your excellent wives
Will declare 'tis all nonsense insuring your lives.

Come, you of the law, who can talk, if you please,
Till the man in the moon will allow it's a cheese,
And leave "the old lady that never tells lies,"
To sleep with her handkerchief over her eyes.

Ye healers of men, for a moment decline
Your feats in the rhubarb and ipecac line;
While you shut up your turnpike, your neighbors can go
The old roundabout road to the regions below.

You clerk, on whose ears are a couple of pens,
And whose head is an ant-hill of units and tens;
Though Plato denies you, we welcome you still—
As a "featherless biped," in spite of your quill.

Poor drudge of the city! how happy he feels
With the burs on his legs and the grass at his heels!
No dodger behind his bandanas to share—
No constable grumbling, "You mustn't walk there!"

* * * * * * *

Then come from all parties and parts to our feast;
Though not at the "Astor," we'll give you at least
A bite at an apple, a seat on the grass,
And the best of *pure—water*—at nothing a glass!



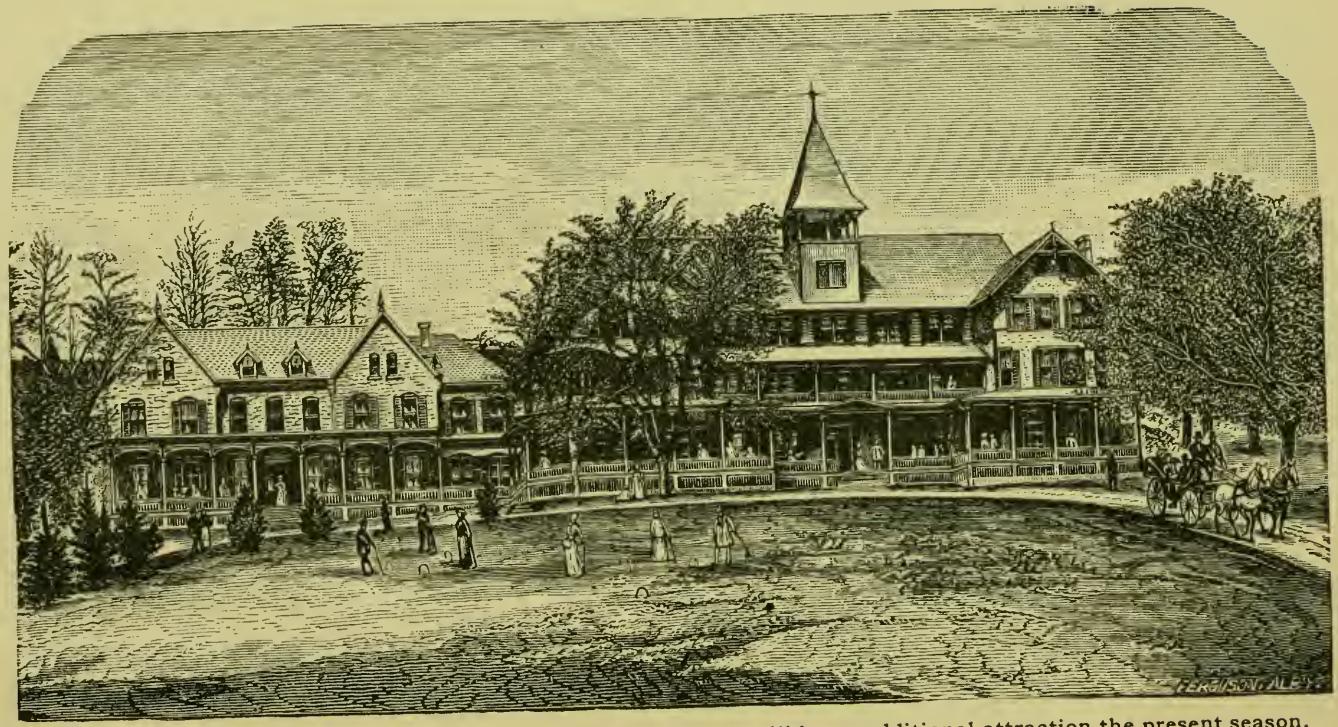
"WHERE SHALL WE GO?"

With every recurring spring the question is often asked, in the family circle and in the place of business, in fact on every hand, "*Where shall we go this summer?*" and as soon as the interesting and important question is satisfactorily settled, then commence the active preparations for the annually looked-for summer vacation from the trials and confinements of a busy city life during a long and severe winter season. Many details are taken into consideration, however, before this final conclusion can be reached. New and attractive spots are often wanted, ease of access thereto must be looked into, the climatic variations is inquired about, pure spring water is demanded—a most important requisite; superior *cuisine* and courteous attention expected. All these requirements, with many more, must be had to insure a genuine season of comfort and pleasure. It is not *impossible* to find just such a place as one may wish, for there are many; but it is sometimes hard to decide between them, and it therefore becomes necessary to call in a "friend," as we now propose to constitute ourselves in presenting the following pages for your earnest consideration.

It is with some degree of satisfaction that we can sincerely recommend to you as meeting all the requirements mentioned,

THE PAVILION HOTEL,

which has been erected with an eye single to the health and comfort of its patrons, fully realizing that in doing this its popularity and success is assured. It is constructed both of stone and wood, is three stories in height, and so arranged, both interior and exterior, that the most exacting person cannot take exceptions. The sleeping-rooms are all large and elegantly furnished. Many



☞ Edison's Electric Light in the Cave, with a Magic Lantern will be an additional attraction the present season.

are arranged *en suite*, with private parlor, bath, etc. The house is lit throughout with gas, heated by steam when necessary, every room connected with the office by electric bell, hot and cold baths on every floor.

THE MAIN PARLOR

is large, handsomely furnished with every desirable requisite, and with the wide piazzas so situated as to command a magnificent view of the picturesque valley and mountain ranges beyond.

THE DINING-ROOMS

are spacious and cheerful, and can be arranged, if desirable, and subdivided into several rooms for private parties or families. All the requisites are of the best quality. This department of the hotel will have the best attention.

A comfortable dining-room is also provided for nurses and children.

THE CUISINE.

While not intending to make any exaggerated claim upon this score, for this is too often done, yet we cannot refrain to assert the intention to make it a close study; and it will be the earnest endeavor of the Manager to furnish the table with nothing but the best that money can procure, prepared in a *wholesome* and *palatable* style, and served with promptness and politeness. The Pavilion Hotel is located in a most fertile region, which will permit us to furnish in abundance *fresh* fruit and vegetables, and *pure* milk and butter and fresh eggs, all of which are produced in the immediate vicinity, and are eagerly sought and duly appreciated by those seeking "truly a summer home."

THE OFFICE.

This important department is fully in keeping with all others. It is large, light and airy, and furnished with every requirement of a first-class establishment. A very attractive and desirable feature is the immense fire-place, in which, when the weather might require, as it sometimes does at so high an altitude as the hotel is located, a grand old "New England log fire" can be made, around which at eventide all love to congregate, the whole can be heated when required by steam and stoves.

SANITARY ARRANGEMENTS.

This most important feature, as it should, has had special attention, both in and outside the hotel, for, we regret to say, it is a subject that is many times neglected in summer hotels, and is one that will be given due consideration by those contemplating a sojourn at such resorts. In the Pavilion Hotel a perfect system of water supply, drainage and ventilation has been established and made a specialty, thus making the air therein pure and invigorating during the warmest

season. Facing the south, with no obstructions on either the east or west, at an altitude of over one thousand feet above sea level, with maple and pine groves in close proximity, it will at once be admitted that it possesses superior recommendations, so far as pure air and water and sanitary conditions are concerned.

In addition to all we have mentioned, it is peculiarly gratifying to be able to call attention to still another important feature, that of *drinking water*. The hotel is supplied with

PURE SPRING WATER

which is drawn from Crystal Spring in Howe's Cave, the supply being inexhaustible. Although we make no special claim as to its medicinal qualities, yet it has been pronounced by competent persons to possess rare properties, having in a number of known cases produced the most beneficial results. It is as pure as crystal, and is *peculiarly refreshing* to all those who partake of it. This, we are sure, will not be overlooked by those to whom we have addressed these few pages.

ENTERTAINMENT.

Fully realizing that our guests will require entertainments of various kinds, we have provided for them, among other things, a billiard room, bowling alley, and a large hall for charades, concerts and dances. In addition to these indoor amusements will be arranged a tennis court, croquet lawn, swings, etc.

Excursions will be arranged from time to time to Cooperstown (Otsego lake), Sharon Springs, Richfield Springs, Saratoga and other desirable places.

In connection with the hotel is a first-class livery, where good vehicles and horses can be had at all times, and at reasonable rates; and as the region in which the hotel is situated is famous for its delightful drives, the livery will be generally availed of, no doubt.

To the lovers of *piscatorial sport* we can offer good black bass fishing within but a comparatively short distance of the hotel.

In all arrangements for entertainment due consideration for the comfort and pleasures of the children will be had, for it is desirous to make "The Pavilion" in reality a *summer home*, where all alike, young and old, may feel happy and contented.

While under the head of "entertainment," we must not neglect to call your attention to the most interesting and wonderful feature in close proximity to the hotel, HOWE'S CAVE, a full description of which will be found further on. Here the student of nature can find rare studies.

LOCATION.

The Pavilion Hotel is located within a few minutes' walk of Howe's Cave station, on the Susquehanna division of the Delaware and Hudson Canal Com-

pany's Railroad, thirty-nine miles west of Albany, N. Y. Numerous trains stop here daily, bringing the tourist from every section. Situated as it is on a spur of the Catskills, it would indeed be difficult to find in all New York State a more delightful spot for a summer residence, where everything combines to make a sojourn thereat an enjoyable one.

From the spacious balconies of the hotel in the front is had a magnificent view, one that an admirer of nature loves to contemplate — the fertile valley in the foreground, with its rich fields of grain, its orchards of luscious fruit, the grazing cattle, the rippling brooks, the many happy country homes, with the majestic Catskills constituting the background. It is a perfect landscape indeed.

In close proximity to the hotel is a fine grove, where walks have been laid out, seats arranged, swings erected, and many other desirable features introduced.

HOW TO REACH THE PAVILION HOTEL.

The situation of the hotel is good indeed for patrons from every section. Taking New York City as the main starting point, one has the choice of several desirable routes, as follows:

Via People's Line of Steamers — Leaves pier 41, North River, at 6 P. M., arriving at Albany early the next morning; then take train of the D. & H. C. Co.'s R. R., reaching Howe's Cave station in time for breakfast.

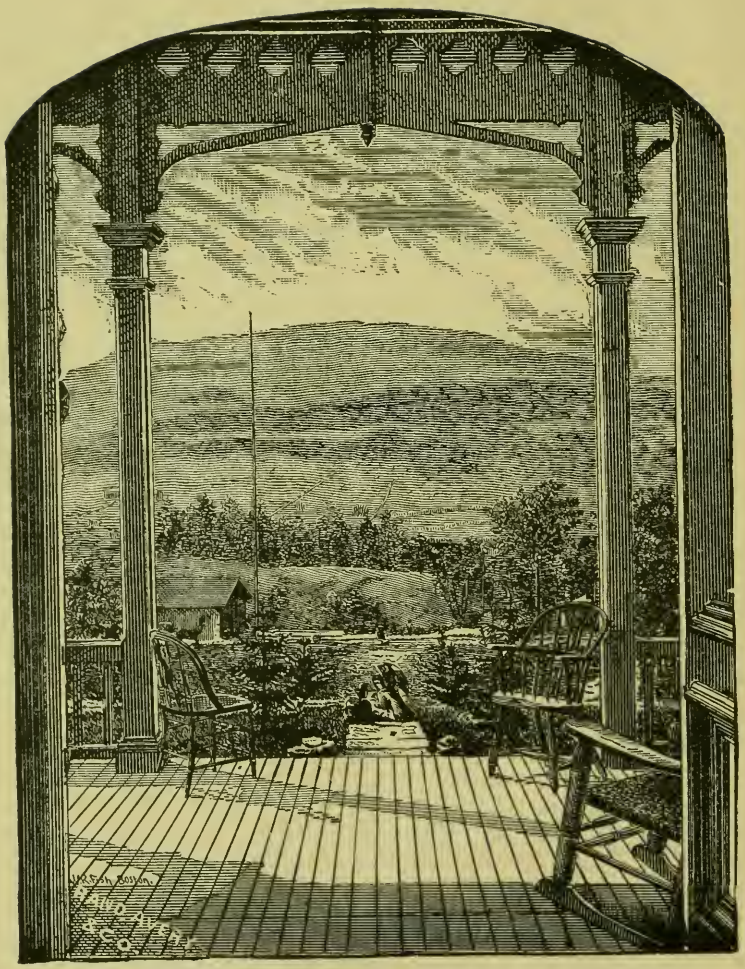
Via New York, West Shore & Buffalo Railroad — Leave either Pennsylvania railroad depot, Jersey City, or depot foot of 42d street, or Weehawken, in the morning, arriving at Howe's Cave station in the afternoon. A buffet parlor car is attached to the trains of this road, running through to Howe's Cave, Sharon Springs and Cooperstown. This is a particularly desirable route for guests from Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington and the South.

Via New York Central & Hudson River Railroad — Leave Grand Central Depot, 42d street, in the morning, arriving at Albany for dinner; thence *via* D. & H. C. Co.'s R. R., reaching Howe's Cave station before supper. The 11 P. M. train is also a very desirable one, bringing visitors to the hotel in the forenoon of the next day.

The actual time from New York is about five and a half hours.

A parlor car is run through to Howe's Cave station on all trains from Albany. Baggage can be checked through from starting point.

Visitors from the West *via* the Erie railroad and connections will change at Binghamton, taking at that point trains of the D. & H. C. Co.'s R. R., all of which arrive at Howe's Cave station at reasonable hours. Wagner parlor cars are run on all day trains, and Pullman sleepers at night.



VIEW FROM PORCH OF THE PAVILION HOTEL.

RATES FOR BOARD.

The following rates for room and board will be observed throughout the season :

Per day $2 50
Per week 10 00 to $15 00

Depending upon location of rooms.

☞ Special rates will be made for longer periods and for families.

In making application for rates it is particularly desirable that applicants should state explicitly the time of probable arrival and length of sojourn, number of rooms required ; if any children, how many, and ages, etc. By complying with this request much time can be saved in reaching conclusions, and possibly some annoyance and embarrassment to the applicant, for it is very important that these details should be known in advance.

A first-class laundry is attached to the hotel. The charges of the same will be liberal, and work promply executed.

The Pavilion Hotel will be open for the reception of guests June 15th.

In order to secure a choice of rooms, applications should be made at once to the undersigned. To aid in the selection of rooms, a diagram of the interior of the hotel will be furnished upon application.

In conclusion permit us to here reassert our intention to do all possible to merit a large patronage from every section ; adding also, that it is our sincere belief that a no more desirable place can be selected by those now seeking a "summer home" than the Pavilion Hotel.

Address,
PAVILION HOTEL,
Howe's Cave, Schoharie Co., N. Y.

NATURE'S WONDER.

HOWE'S CAVE.

It chanced that the writer, while in a half somnolent condition, induced by a long night's ride in a railroad car, overheard snatches of a convsrsation which ran somewhat thus:

"Yes, sir; three miles right into the bowels of the earth—nothing like it in the whole country, sir, aside from Mammoth Cave."

"Pooh! a mere dripping crevice in the rocks, I presume, or a dirty hole in the ground."

"No, sir; wide and high, with waterfalls, galleries and halls for three miles, and the end not reached yet."

Subsequent inquiry elicited the fact that it was Howe's Cave, in Schoharie county, New York, which had formed the subject of this conversation, and the next opportunity which afforded itself we visited the wonderful natural curiosity. Howe's Cave is the name of a station on the Albany and Susquehanna Railroad, thirty-nine miles west of Albany.

A short climb of a few rods up the hill on the west side of Cobles Kill brings the visitor to the hotel—an elegant stone and wood structure, well shaded, with broad, cool piazzas, which overlook the fertile valley in front, with a considerable hill in the distance—a spur of the Catskills. Down a short flight of stairs from the office of the hotel we find the dressing-rooms, and soon have on an underground suit, including thick boots, etc., and with an oscillating tin lamp rigged upon the end of a four-foot stick are ready for our underground journey. The entrance to the cave is direct from the house, almost the same as if it were a cellar. An irregular, circular opening in the limestone, through which we pass by a level path, brings us at once into an

atmosphere of about 55 degrees, which, being a sudden transition of some 35 degrees, produces a momentary chill; this, however, is soon gone, giving place to a delicious sense of coolness. A short distance brings us to the "Reception Room," some forty feet wide and fifteen feet high; a wonderful place indeed, the walls and floor all ornamented with stalagmites. Near by, up an ascending path, we find another large room called the "Bridal Chamber," from the wall of which extends huge stalagmites, known as "Washington's Epaulet" and "Lady Washington's Hood," bearing a most striking resemblance to the objects they are named after. The room is ornamented by a circular dome, so high that the light of the lamp does not render the top of it visible. On we go, and next come to a gallery seventy-five feet high, in the "Giant's Chapel," above the main path which traverses all the while a spacious hall from fifteen to twenty feet high. Two iron pipes are observed fastened to the rocks — one for gas, and the other for water. The water is taken from a subterranean lake or spring further on which supplies the hotel, and the gas is manufactured on the premises. Gas jets are lighted at intervals, which illuminate the underground galleries and passages, producing brilliant and weird effects. The path is quite level and tolerably dry, and the loose stones are cleaned out so that we walk with nearly the same facility that we would upon an ordinary road. Next we come to the "Straight and Narrow Way," some three or four feet wide at the bottom, while at the height of a man's head it is so narrow that there is just room for the head to pass through.

We have long since passed out of hearing of all noises from the outside world; but now a strange, unearthly sound comes from the depths beyond—a rumbling which awakens mysterious echoes. What is it? Presently the mystery is explained; here is a pool of water which comes down a gentle incline alongside the path beyond, and forming a whirlpool, disappears in some cavity below. The "Pool of Siloam" this is called. Through the entire length stalagmites of the most fantastic shapes ornament the walls, while overhead stalactites hang from the roof like icicles. "The Giant's Spectacles" is one of these, which bears a most striking resemblance to a huge pair of eye-glasses. But what is this sound which comes from within — a heavy roar, as if a cataract had burst and was sweeping down upon us? The first impulse is to retreat, and we should obey it, too, were we alone; but our guide reassures us, and on we go. More wonders! "The Meat Market," containing a stalagmitic quarter of beef hung upon the wall.

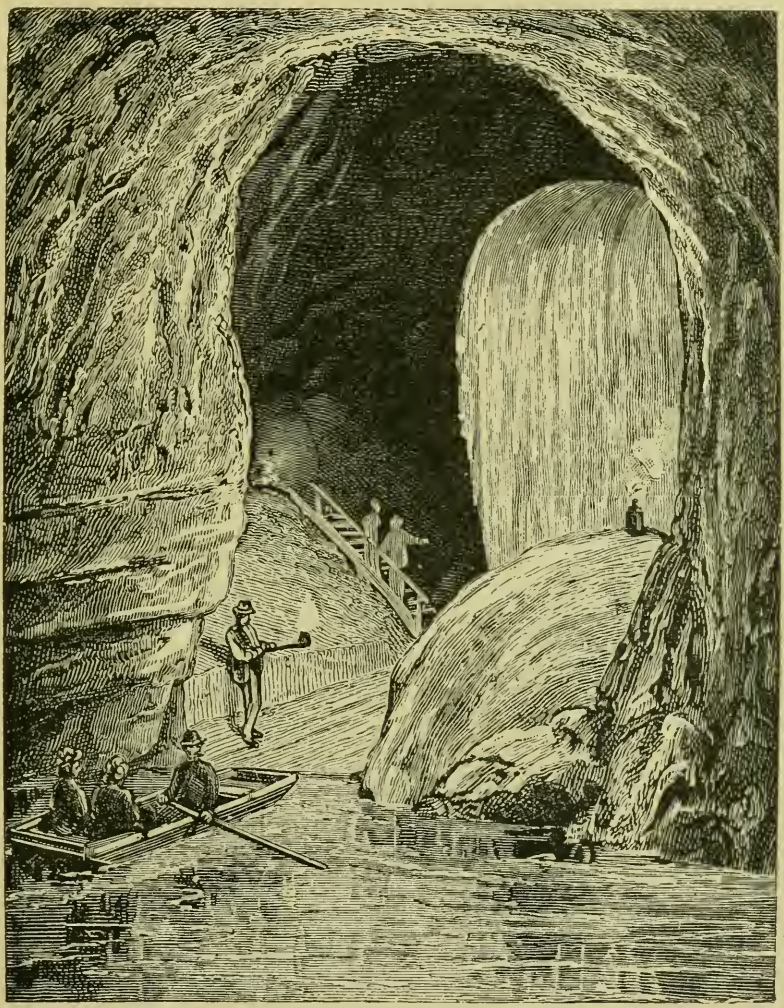
The most striking feature is these wonderful deposits of carbonate of lime, produced by water charged with carbonic acid stolen from the soil percolating throngh the fissured rock above, and dissolving the lime, leaving the carbonate adhering to the sides, floors and roof. Here is a most remarkable deposit of many tons' weight — "The Tower of Babel," which blocks the path and reaches to a great height. The "Elephant's Head" and "Indian Dugout" are passed, and then we come to the "Haunted Castle," a large circular chamber, having a niche at one side just wide enough to admit the body of our guide.

A low note produced here echoes and re-echoes mysteriously through the silent chambers, completely filling the cavern with a weird vibration, unearthly and indescriable. Near by is the "Music Room," where musical tones appear to be never done echoing, but go dancing gaily about, returning again and again, filling the air with harmony. A wonderful place for echoes this. A board on being raised and let fall with a "slap" upon the clayey path, sounds like a clap of near thunder, whose echoes roll and rumble frightfully. Just beyond we pass the "Keel of Noah's Ark," and here the noise of the cataract increases to a thunderous sound. On we go; it must be a young Niagara at least. Soon we come to it, and lo! a tiny waterfall some four or five feet high, and perhaps a foot wide, at the outlet of a little lake.

We are now something over a mile from daylight, and here the gas-pipe ends. A boat is moored ready for us, which we enter. The Styx and old Charon are brought forcibly to mind. We push out on this miniature subterranean lake, sailing under a limestone arch, the sides of which are ornamented with fantastic shapes in *bas relief*, resembling divers objects. "The Egyptian Pyramids," the "Owl," "Elephant's Ear," "Sheep's Head," "Howe's Vegetable Garden," containing striking similitudes of beets, carrots, etc., "Lady of the Lake," her face turned modestly to the wall, "Washington's Monument," the "Circus Rider," "Old Church Organ," "Old-fashioned Pulpit"— all these are wonderfully suggestive of the names they have received.

Here a stalagmite bears a striking likeness to the date "811." But what is this? A huge stalagmite, equal to a sphere of rock thirty feet in diameter, blocks the way from floor to roof, and we can only get around it through a creeping hole away at the top. A wonderful mass this, and strikingly suggestive of the long periods which must have been required in its forming. The lake, which is a quarter of a mile in length, is passed; and now we grope onward without gas by the dim light of our lamps. Here we find a huge hour-glass-shaped stalactite and stalagmite which have grown together in the center. But what is this overhead? A long, level cornice of rock, hanging over the edge of which is a wonderful series of stalactites, like the edge of drapery, forming wonderfully graceful curves and fringes.

Here is the "Old Lady Dipping Candles." The forms of the stalactites seem to increase in beauty and interest the farther we go. Here are more drapery edges — "The Baby Elephant," "Uncle Tom's Cabin," with "Aunt Chloe's Bonnet" just as she left it, natural as life. Now we come to the "Yo Semite Valley," a deep cañon along the edge of which we creep fifty feet above the stream below. Here is "Pike's Peak," a pure stalagmite forty feet high; and another, "The Leaning Tower of Pisa." "The Bottomless Pit" is passed, and next we come to a spot where the roof seems to have been crushed in. Overhead, for a considerable distance, are masses of rock. We pass underneath these and through the "Valley of Jehosaphat," and soon afterward the course, which seems to have been nearly straight thus far, is suddenly blocked by a solid wall.



CRYSTAL LAKE—PULPIT ROCK.

From this point another passage leads to the left, forming nearly a right angle with that which we have been following up. This passage has never been explored to its full extent. Another similar passage opens to the right, and as this is the easiest to walk through and our time is limited, we take that. More wonders yet, the first of which is the "Winding Way," a long passage which is only wide enough to pass through.* This passage is very crooked, forming a long series of "S's," so that you can hardly see a person in any portion of it three feet ahead. This wonderful passage is said to be eighty rods long, and its walls—as, indeed, the walls throughout the entire course—are smooth as glass, though ridged and corniced with wonderful regularity.* At the end of this crooked passage is the "Devil's Gateway"—rightly named, leading as it does opposite the straight and narrow way—and then we come to the "Silent Chamber."

Hark! we have long since passed out of hearing of the cataract and the ripple of the little brook which we lost near the end of the main passage, and now no sound reaches us from the outer world; a stillness as of the grave holds everything in a silence so profound that it seems to be crystallized.

"Now," quoth the guide in solemn tones, as if a dead man spoke, "let us blow out our lights."

"But—your matches—have you matches? Recollect we are three miles from daylight, and—"

"Here are matches, and see they are good;" and out went both lights. "Now listen and watch for five minutes."

And we listened in the silence that was really dead, and in the darkness that was really profound, watching the two mysterious, indistinctly luminous balls of light which our guide tells us are always seen by persons who try this experiment until the silence seemed to creep up and around us like some subtile medium dense as water. There is a stillness in the heart of the great forest where the note of the singing bird is never heard, nor the chirp of an insect—a silence so deep that the grating of a lily pod against your boat sounds like harsh thunder, and the far-off note of the loon like the wail of a lost spirit awakening echoes which sound as if they might be heard, perhaps, once in a thousand years; but here there is nothing but silence and darkness.

Ah! here are the lights again and on we go, passing the first stalagmite clear as crystal, named the "Broken Column;" then through "Fat Man's Misery," a narrow passage in which poor old Jack Falstaff would surely have stuck fast. From this point a passage through which we are obliged to crawl leads to the "Rotunda," the greatest wonder of all, a circular room twenty-five feet in diameter, and which rises, our guide tells us, to a height of three hundred feet, decreasing as the height increases so that at the top the space diminishes to a mere point. This was too much.

* This is said to be a curiosity not found in any other cavern.

"How do you know this hall is three hundred feet high?" we inquired of our guide. To be sure, with our lights we couldn't see the top of it; but then one was not quite obliged to believe such a tremendous story as that.

"I'll tell you," he replied. "We have repeatedly fired rockets up into this space, and a rocket warranted to burst at three hundred feet just shows the upper end." This is the most wonderful feature of all, and fitly ends our mysterious journey.

A brisk walk of an hour brings us to daylight once more, into which we emerge at the mouth of the cave as into a hot oven.

"What is the history of this wonderful cave?"

So far as the present generation, or perhaps race, is aware, it is about as follows, we were told:

In 1842, Lester Howe, an eccentric genius withal, was hunting foxes near the present mouth of this cave, and stepped into a hole which didn't seem to him to have any bottom. He thereupon explored further, and found the hole was about eighteen feet deep, and let into the wonderful passage which we have endeavored in vain to describe. After having satisfied himself of its great extent, he got possession of the farm which he thought covered the main portion of the cave, and soon afterward explored it thoroughly, and opened it to the public. Subsequently he sold it at a high figure to the "Howe's Cave Association," its present owners, and then retired to a small farm on the opposite side of the valley, where he still lives in peace and quietness.

But I imagine our worthy president, who is seldom satisfied with any exploration which stops much short of the profoundest depths, raising his massive brow, and with mien severe and measured tones, speaking thus: "Your explanation is good so far as it goes, young man, but recollect that the portion of time during which the present race of mortals have inhabited this globe, compared with that longer fragment of eternity which has elapsed since first this earth swung into space — a drop of molten matter — is as the time consumed by a cannon-shot passing over a hair's breadth space, to its whole flight; what then does science say of the history of this cave — its complete history?"

"That must be left to wiser heads than mine, but I can guess as well as another."

"Then guess." Every Tahawan knows what follows disobedience to the dread orders of the president. With the fearful alternative before us then, we venture to say that the history of the cave may be divided into periods.

First, when nearly "all the world was in the sea," and only now and then a mountain range or peak reared its head above the briny waters, the waves of the ocean found their way into a crevice which existed in this cavernous limestone. How that crevice was first formed, who knows? Perhaps a mere crack was filled with softer material which easily washed out, and perhaps the internal fires of the earth made a fissure in this immense mass of limestone, ages after the limestone itself was built up on its basis of animal life; for it is about

settled, we believe, that the limestone formation, through its entire thickness of some eight miles, is made up of organic remains. However, the beginning was made, the waves surged in and out of this cavern for ages, opening all these intricate passages, and ornamenting the sides and roofs with these shapes, like inverted mouldings in the style of Egyptian architecture. So far we are right; nothing but water could ever have worn the rocks into such shapes, for these rare cornices are only duplicates of the markings which we see to-day upon rock-bound sea and lake shores, while the domes are simply inverted "pot-holes," formed by the swirl of waters.

"What proof?" you ask, and the answer is ready: A little water-rolled pebble now before us which we found more than two miles inside the cave, and there are hundreds more of them through its entire length. But there came a time when the waters subsided, and here closed the first period.

Perhaps if it had continued, nature would have worn the whole limestone mountain away, and all the faster too for this subterranean work, for nature is always engaged at her task of exalting the valleys and bringing the mountains low. But the waters subsided, and this underground work stopped.

Then came the second period, during which the water percolated through the rocks, dropping slowly and depositing perhaps a film of stalagmite in a hundred years or two. Calculate now how long this period continued, during which, by such constant dropping, a stone thirty-five feet in diameter would be deposited.

Then came the last period, during which the present system of waters wore away the ancient stalagmites, and perhaps deepened the cave slightly.

The average temperature of the cave is about fifty-five degrees during the entire year, seeming cool in summer and warm in winter. During the extremes of hot and cold weather it is a luxury to visit it. The air is pure and invigorating, visitors scarcely feel fatigue in traveling miles through it. High medical authority has pronounced it decidedly beneficial to those afflicted with pulmonary or lung difficulties, and, in several cases, immediate relief has been experienced by those laboring under temporary colds, and depression of the lungs; no case is known where any person has taken cold in being inside the cave.

The whole is a wonderful creation and an interesting study, as well for those who admire the beauties and curiosities of nature, as for those who adore the Great Author of the Universe, and delight in contemplating His wondrous works.

Since the foregoing was written, a narrow-gauge railway has been commenced in the cave, which will be laid as far as the lake, without in any manner marring the natural beauties of the cave. This road is utilized for bringing out the remarkable deposit of clay that exists in a portion of the cave, which will be manufactured into building brick and Portland cement of a superior quality. By the removal of this

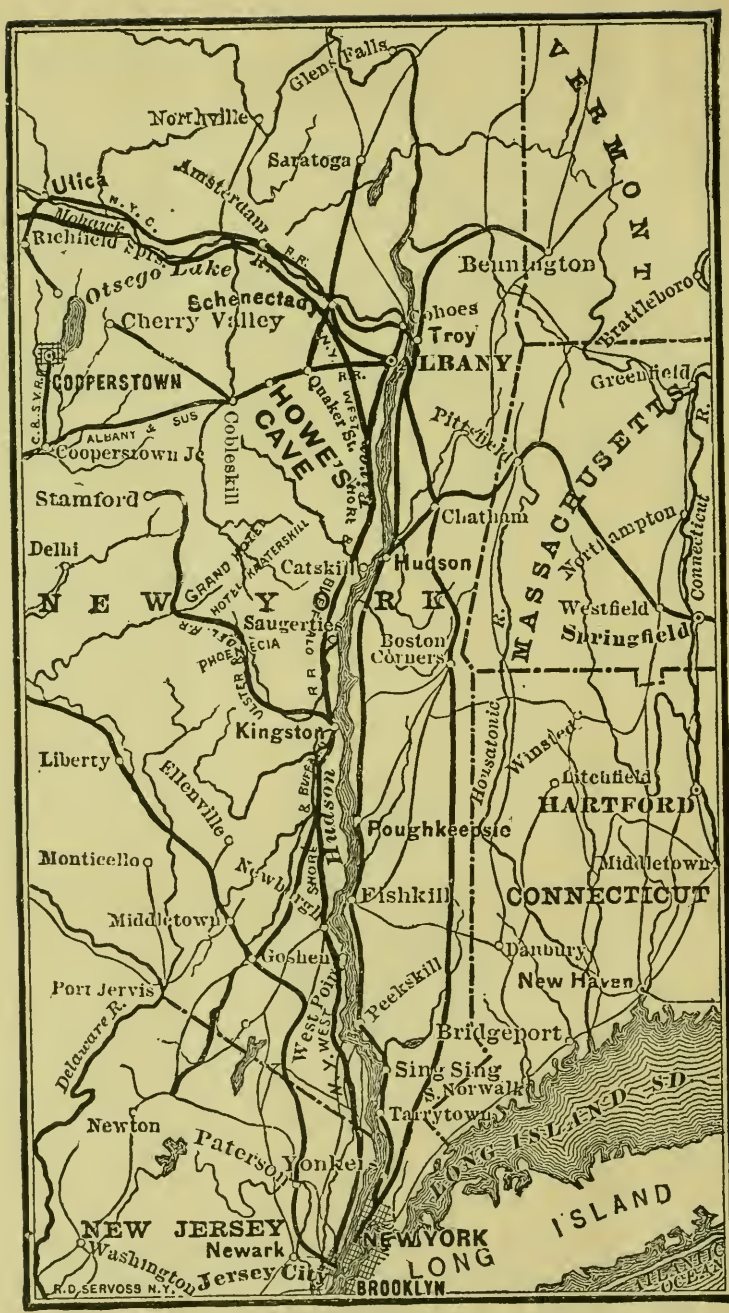
deposit of clay it is believed that many recesses in the mountain will be developed and the cave still further added to in extent and grandeur. The railway when completed can be availed of by visitors upon returning to the mouth of the cave. It will be a very attractive and appreciable feature.

A nominal fee is charged to visit the cave, and guides are furnished at reasonable rates. No extortion is practiced or allowed in this particular.

Dressing-rooms, with costumes, and other requisites, have been provided for visitors in the hotel, and immediately at the entrance to the cave.

The cave and "The Pavilion Hotel" with the surrounding property is owned by the Howe's Cave Association, which corporation also has extensive quarries and mines near by. From the quarries is taken some of the finest building stone in the state, and the stone from the mines is manufactured into the celebrated "Ramsey's hydraulic cement." These mines and quarries are interesting places to visit, and are inspected by many persons.





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